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AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

TWO LITERARY SOCIETIES,

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA:

IN GERARD HALL:

BY

JAMES B. SHEPARD,

June 5th, 1844.

~~~~~  
Published by order of the Society.  
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RALEIGH, N. C.

Printed by Thomas Loring, at the Office of the Independent.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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PHILANTHROPIC HALL, *Chapel Hill, N. C., July 27th, 1844.*

TO JAMES B. SHEPARD, ESQ., Raleigh, N. C.:

Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the Philanthropic Society, held on Friday night, the 26th of July, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted:

“*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Society be tendered to James B. Shepard, Esq., for his eloquent and highly instructive Address delivered before the two Societies at our last Commencement, and that he be requested to furnish us a copy for publication.”

In the discharge of this our duty, permit us to express the gratification we experienced during its delivery, and to add our personal solicitations to those of the Society we represent.

R. C. SHORTER,  
WM. E. BARNETT, } *Committee.*  
RALPH P. BUXTON. }

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RALEIGH, N. C., 30th July, 1844.

GENTLEMEN: Your letter of the 27th ult., was received yesterday, requesting my address before the two Literary Societies of the University for publication.

The production, with whatever of fault or merit it may possess, is at your disposal. Permit me to thank you kindly for the polite manner in which you have executed the wishes of those you represent and accept the respect of

Your obd't serv't,

JAMES B. SHEPARD.

TO R. C. SHORTER,  
WM. E. BARNETT, } *Committee.*  
RALPH P. BUXTON. }

JAMES B. SHEPARD'S ADDRESS:  
DELIVERED BEFORE THE  
**TWO LITERARY SOCIETIES,**  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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GENTLEMEN OF THE DIALECTIC AND PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETIES:

I appear before you in obedience to a call which I could not disregard. Custom has ordained that at each annual festival of learning kept at this revered and sacred place, some one should address you. Many of the learned, and virtuous and gifted, have occupied this place before me; and how shall I, more youthful, perhaps, and surely less qualified than any of them—how shall I fulfil the task, which your kind partiality has assigned me? I can only offer you the results of the labor and experience of a few brief years; others have spread before you the matured fruits of, perhaps, an entire age. I have but entered upon the great career of human existence; others, who had almost reached the goal, have told you of the mingled pleasures and dangers of the race, and pointed you with unfailing certainty to many of the difficulties and embarrassments that are likely to beset you.

To those of us who have been so fortunate as to have passed our earlier years beneath these venerable shades, every thing now present teems with the recollection of former faces and former times. We remember the athletic sports; the intellectual emulation; the visions of anticipated happiness; the strong and persevering efforts for advancement; the hearty affection, seldom eluded or interrupted for an hour; and the glorious aspirations of a purer and a happier period. We remember also the kind and anxious solicitude of our excellent instructors, and we now look back to them and upon them as the fathers we found

p13+30

far away from the parental home. But some of those who were with us in other days, are absent from us now. The ties that bound them to us and to the world of mankind have been broken at the seat of life; and wife, and mother, and sister, and father, have mourned over the manly form and the open brow stricken into the embraces of a prolonged but silent slumber. But they died with their armor on, and we shall soon join them. One by one we shall go down to the chambers they occupy, and our companionship will be unbroken until the consummation of all things. How insignificant is life, but for the opportunities and incitements it presents to us to be virtuous! But these things create mournful remembrances, and perhaps I have dwelt too long upon them.

We exist, gentlemen, at a most fortunate epoch, and in a country which, as it has received the benefit of the virtuous services of such men as Washington, and Rittenhouse, and Franklin, claims all the energies of our minds and all the affections of our hearts. We are the trustees of the learning and experience of all former ages: and the lights that fall upon us from the constellations of Greece and Rome; from the sun of the reformation, and from the innumerable battle-fields of Europe, where mind and its treasures have been fought for and sustained, we are bound to transmit to our posterity. The obligation to transmit the gift is correspondent to the magnitude of the gift itself, and surely nothing can transcend it in value or importance. It is the gift of mind—of mind rich with the diamonds of Grecian literature, and studded with the gems of solid Roman erudition—of mind, not as it was in England centuries ago; blinded by superstition, and dishonored by the manacles it wore; but American mind, the product and the offspring of all that Greece, and Rome, and England ever did or saw. Our country too, is eminently favorable to the expansion and improvement of its intellect. It has no querulous or troublesome neighbors, no conquests either to accomplish or to dread, no great wars to wage, no enormous system of permanent corruption to contend against, and no great cities to corrupt at the head-springs the streams of literature and science. We know, indeed, that London has made her intellect the admiration of the world, and that French literature beamed most brightly in the darkest hours of the State; but the one will live not always in the eye of virtue, and the other was generated in the atmosphere of skepticism

and infidelity. A curse is on all effort which has not honor for its object and pure truth for its end; and most fortunate shall we be, should we escape (and God grant we ever may!) the excesses to which the writings of Voltaire led generous but oft misguided France!

You will find, gentlemen, after your entrance upon the great theatre of the world, that candor and honesty, unmixed with egotism, presumption or impertinence, will furnish one of the best letters of introduction to the regard and consideration of your fellow-men. Let it be said of each of you, as of Aristides,

“To be, and not to seem, is this man’s maxim,  
His mind reposes on its proper wisdom  
And wants no other praise.”

With even ordinary acuteness and sagacity you will be able, in whatever walk of life you may tread, to distinguish the *ideal* from the *real*; and should a sincere love of country and a high sense of what is honorable be uppermost in your bosoms, you will intuitively seek after the substance and discard the form. After you shall have passed from these classic grounds, the world (as you have been told a thousand times) will be all new to you. Aye, and you will *feel* the force of this observation. New associations will be formed; new pursuits will be taken up; new hopes will be created; and new objects of ambition will arise, to captivate, and dazzle, and enchant you. The school boy will be transformed into the man—the mimic soldier will be merged in the hardened lineaments of the sturdy warrior, and the charges and retreats of the present will give place to the vigorous and continuous advances of such of you as shall have nerve, and boldness, and the spirit of indomitable perseverance. Burning with ardor, and with weapons adjusted and polished in this intellectual armory, some of you are destined to bear a commanding sway over departments of the empire of mind, and all of you, I trust, are so constituted as to rule or bear rule with equal equanimity and patience. Here you will see the successful lawyer, bending his whole mind to his laudable and excellent profession, and winning reputation and affluence by a compass of exertion which takes hold of trifles as well as of great and lasting principles; This is the *real*: and in the same path, but far in his rear, you will behold the miserable *shadow*, in the shape of a smirking charlatan or an

irresolute student—the first profiting by and exulting secretly in the vices and miseries of mankind, and the latter alternately thinking himself and the science alike profitless and dull. And there, in another path, glowing in the sunshine of fame, you will behold the patriot statesman, ascending with untiring step to a permanent place in the hearts of men ; rising yet higher as the clouds of envy and malice deal their thunders at his head, and looking not so much for the plaudits of the present as of all posterity ; and in the same path, but infinitely below him, you will also see the mere politician, rending the air with the trifles and humbugs of the moment, and vainly mistaking notoriety for fame. And here again, away down in the bye-roads of a toilsome and troubled life, his face radiant with benevolence, you will meet the enlightened and conscientious physician, lighting up both the palace and the hovel with the achievements of his noble but unpretending science and snatching the shaft and the chalice from the hand of doom ; and then again, amid the ignorant and unwary, and too often where the intelligent reside, you will behold also the pompous and undiplomed quack, talking over hard names, and even causing the dying to wonder at the learning he displays. In all the walks of life learn to distinguish the unsubstantial from the real ; the glitter of the false gilding from the mild lustre of the enduring gold ; and be it your part, gentlemen, to be rather than to seem.

Lycurgus, we are told, resolved the whole business of legislation into the bringing up of youth ; and regarding it as the most glorious work of the law-giver he began early and persevered until he made Sparta the bulwark of Greece and the wonder of nations. By athletic sports and exercises, by rigid discipline, and constant effort, he strung the nerves and purified the blood, and rendered the body so vigorous that no labor of the mind could materially impair it. Physical exercise and development prevail also among the Germans, and whether education be the work of the law-giver or under the guardianship of the parent, all will bear witness to the importance and excellence of such a system. From a strange and perhaps inexplicable principle of the human constitution, the mind always sympathizes with the body, and it is worthy of remark, that the greatest warriors and statesmen possessed the expanded chest, giving full play to the organ of vitality itself, and were endowed, more by habit than by nature, with extraordinary

capabilities of endurance. Washington, and Caesar, and Franklin, and Peter the Great, are examples to the point; nor do the mighty labors of Pope, who was thin and feeble, detract from the force of the argument in an intellectual sense. Excitement was his life, and the strings of his grand and lofty harp were broken at an age when those of other men had not known the touches of dissolution or decay. But far be it from me, gentlemen, to argue an essential dependence of the mind upon the body. We know that the mind is impalpable and immortal; that it sees and yet is seen only in what it creates and fashions for the physical and mental eye, that it is as superior to matter as celestial bodies are to bodies terrestrial; and that it occupies all time, pervades all space, and springs forward and gazes in imagination upon things yet dark and mysteries still to be revealed. My only object is to caution you against those excesses which debilitate the body and thus enfeeble and deprave the intellect, and to encourage whatsoever may tend to strengthen and expand the mental powers.

Here you receive nothing more than the rudiments of education. The study of the languages and of Mathematics are intended mainly for the discipline of the intellect; and few of you make wide excursions into the field of general literature with any great fruits or success. Here you learn the words and the rules more to strengthen the memory and to sharpen the understanding, than to reduce them to active use in the department of practical existence. But if, in addition to the acquirement of a strong and ready memory and a clear and acute understanding, you also retain the striking and more beautiful portions of the classics, together with much of the theory of mathematics, it is all the better for you; and the most critical and severe judge of mental discipline will not hereafter censure you for possessing either. But remember that your success in life is mainly dependent upon the preparation you shall make while here. Genius is, perhaps, nothing more than the power to make efforts; and the nature of the genius is of course in exact proportion to the effort made. But this gift is often understood to be the power of succeeding without previous exertion, and we are often told of what Byron, and Napoleon and Charles XII did almost apparently by intuition. No idea can be more unsound. Many doubtless possess minds which adapt themselves to things and objects, and which govern and control where other minds would be

lost in dullness or palsied with astonishment; but depend upon it, as no effect exists without a cause, so no great achievement, not strictly Providential, was ever accomplished without previous mental discipline and exertion.

Many of you may doubtless learn here, by a careful analysis of your own powers, and by close attention to the movements and events of the world around you, the respective professions and vocations which are best calculated to put your faculties to successful effort, and to enable you to advance yourselves while at the same time you confer benefits and honor upon your country. As a general rule, let those for instance, who are naturally disputatious and gifted with critical acumen, and who possess a delicate and proper sense of what is just, turn their attention to the law. Let the studious and comparatively unassuming, if they be affable, devote themselves to medicine; and let those who may think more of agriculture than of all the professions combined, be planters. And when the mind is once fixed upon the profession, let it be followed with a constant and unfaltering step. No science is more excellent, and certainly none exerts a more powerful influence upon the destinies of the State than that of the law. But to be cultivated successfully, every other profession or vocation must be almost entirely cast aside. To say nothing of the wide field of general elementary principles which is spread out before the student, nor of the decisions of the Courts at home, new cases and new principles are perpetually arising in other countries, which it is often necessary for him to master and treasure up for future reference. In addition to this, the thousand and one forms of the Courts are to be stored away in the memory; manual labor of a perplexing and difficult character has to be performed; and the mind must be ready, both in elementary principles and common forms, which involve principles, to put forth at all times or at any time, without perhaps an opportunity for the reflection of an hour, whatever it can in behalf of its client.—Should your dispositions incline you to the study of the law, be lawyers indeed, and not charlatans, pretenders, or pettifoggers. Keep Marshall and Wirt, in your eye, and if you cannot attain to the learning they possessed, get all you can, reduce it to practice, and you shall at least have praise for the laudable and indefatigable efforts you may make. And who shall desire a higher reputation than that which is



won by the successful lawyer? Not twelve months ago the bolt of death fell upon Hugh S. Legare. His career, his great legal learning, the distinguished post he held, the high national festival that saw him die—all these things are fresh upon your memories. Gaston has been also gathered to the companionship of that patriot father, who baptized him in infancy in Revolutionary blood; and tell me, who is there before me, who is there in all this broad green land, that would not die happy with laurels like those that bloom on the brows of Gaston and Legare? From the bottom of my heart I respect and honor the able and conscientious lawyer. Such a man, governed by the admonitions of conscience and replete with kind feelings, sees more of men—knows more of their frailties and wickedness—restores peace and concord to more communities—and comes forth purer and more thoroughly tried by the fires of temptation than any other man who labors in our midst. Then happy, and tranquil, and serene be the slumbers of Gaston and Legare!

“The first of chiefs is he who laurels gains  
And buys them not with life; the next is he  
Who dies, but dies in Virtue's arms.”

Nor should we overlook the important profession of the planter. The idea which was so prevalent many years since, that agriculture is not only beneath the attention of the scholar, but that it does not need the assistance of his learning, has been gradually dissipated; and now, thanks to a better public sentiment, and our mild but matchless laws, we see men of the highest grade of intellect turning their attention to the cultivation of the earth. Let this be encouraged. Education is as necessary to till the earth successfully as it is in any other calling in human life, and the fact that a few succeed without education is no argument, for the most trifling instruments they use in their farming operations are the inventions of the educated mind. All the wealth of the world flows from and depends upon the soil of the world. And what labor can be more honorable than that which reduces the earth to subjection, which fells the wilderness and lets in the sun upon new abodes of human happiness, and which gives blood to all the veins and arteries of the State? There is much more than some think in the vulgar saying “The best *Bank* is a *bank* of earth, and the best *share* a *ploughshare*.”

It has been truly said that in the decline of a State, unfavorable symptoms first appear among the young. "Athens," continues the same writer, "was no exception to this law of national existence, the youth of that opulent and giddy metropolis, disdainful of the rigors of ancient discipline, devoted themselves to the arts of ostentation and display, affected an effeminate dandyism, and revelled in debauchery and crime. The Athenian exquisite glittering with rings to his fingers-ends, strutted over the public walks, in a flowing palladium of purple or dashed down to the Peiræus, in his gilded chariot, the admiration and the envy of less fortunate beaux." Plutarch tells us that Læurgus wound up the strings of Sparta, which he found relaxed with luxury, to a stronger tone; but no one was found able to wind up those of Athens when corruption, and ostentation and vain display, struck at the foundations of her youth. How important is it then, that the morals of our young men should be preserved; and how should we honor the upright and competent instructors of youth! The destinies of the Republic are almost solely in their hands. Its fortunes they may make or mar. If they perform all their duties as they should perform them; if they guide the erring into the right path, correct the disobedient, and successfully admonish the unwary and prepare all entrusted to their care for the moral and intellectual conflicts of life, the present generation may indeed be succeeded by a purer and a better one; but if they falter or fail in any of these things, the result may be the destruction of the public liberty itself.

This, above all other ages, is the age of cheap and too often unsubstantial Literature. The Press—the great heart of the mental pulse—sends forth daily its mingled streams of good and evil on the world. Here we have the works of Dickens; there the beautiful, and captivating, and sometimes unfortunately the deathful imagery of Bulwer breaks upon the mental vision; James and Ainsworth, and Suez usurp the place of Scott; and Addison is thrown aside for the more exciting but less solid pages of Allison and Brougham. In the great rage for universal book-making, the young and inexperienced cannot be too cautious as to what they read or what they reject. As a novelist Scott stands confessedly at the head of all; and if indeed Milton occupy the throne of English genius, with Shakespeare and Byron on either hand, Scott sits in solitary and unapproachable glory on the intellectual throne

of Scotland. But why seat him there? The world is not too wide for the theatre of his fame; for he has written of all classes, of all climes, and of all ages, as none other could have written: and the star of his renown is still brighter than it was when it dawned upon the minds of men. And if any of us have wandered from the pure fountains, let us hasten to return to them again. The Greek and Roman writers will always exert a most beneficial influence upon the mind. They correct the taste, infuse into the heart the elements of a lofty and heroic virtue, bend the mind into the severer channels of criticism and acute judgement, and strengthen us with strong principles against the calamities of life; but there are other works in the mother tongue—those of Addison, and Milton, and Hume, which are worthy ever to be with us in our studies.

We are often reproached with the remark that as a nation we have no permanent literature of our own, and are dependent upon other countries, and especially upon England, for those masterly intellectual achievements that fix the attention and command the respect and admiration of mankind. There may be some truth in the remark. Our country is yet in its infancy. Twice in the short space of sixty years have we been compelled to beat back from our shores the hostile forces of the very power on whom we are told we depend for intellectual food; cities had to be built; forests cleared away; and the veins of a young but mighty empire surcharged with the circulating streams of wealth; and it is indeed wonderful that we have effected what we have in the fields of Literature. They ask for our Poets. Let us point to them. There are Bryant, and Percival, and a host of others—men who have written, not for pay but for glory, and whose works will exist as long as many of those of the boasted ornaments of England. But the spirit of Poetry is every where in our Country. It is here a spirit of action and of eloquence. It flashes in the fires of the thundering locomotive; it lives with the steam-vessel upon the angry billows; it mounts up with the balloon towards the throne of the sun; and it borrows a language from the storms, and speaks from the hearts of our people in response to the stern strong eloquence of all our orators. Why, our very eloquence is poetry! What was Patrick Henry—with his strong and fiery Saxon sentences, his love of justice and truth, and his disdain of wrong and falsehood, his indignant denunciations of a

corrupt Ministry and his matchless vindications of his struggling country—what was he but the impersonation of Poetry itself? True, he was no rhymers, but he spoke the thoughts that poetry is made of. It has been said that the love of the beautiful is ever struggling for expression. Sculpture and painting came first; then music, and after music, poetry; and after all there sprang forth the genius of eloquence itself. It is the sister of painting and of poesy. The ancient nations honored as we do their patriots and heroes, and they naturally looked about them for something into which they might strike deep their sentiments of affection and of gratitude, and at the same time preserve to their posterity a recollection of the names and prowess, and wisdom of their great men. Their eyes fell upon the almost imperishable marble. Beneath the touch of genius it leaped forth from the rugged quarry; the plastic hand of the sculptor was laid upon it, and the beautiful sentiment and the heroic lineament glowed and started into life. The statues of deities and of men took their places in the temples and amid the elegant simplicity of the public halls, and looked down upon the people and far away into the future upon the anticipated splendors of the State. Born when the world was made and when the stars of the morning sung their earliest hymn in the high temple of universal space, Music travelled down upon the wing of ages, and received a new birth and a deep baptism in the fires and blood through which Greece emerged into the atmosphere of beauty, and power, and renown. The chief elements of its existence (for it has a charm for all hearts) were the clashing of shields, the notes of victory or the lamentations of defeat—the plaint of the lover, or the remembrances of a happier and an earlier time. Then came Poetry and Eloquence. They stirred and vivified the hearts, and formed the characters of men. Empires fell or were built up by them. The successful hero knew that his deeds would be sung to all the people, and that poetry would elevate him to his appropriate position on the hills of fame, and the orator in turn spoke of the wrongs and sufferings of his country until the cry was, “Let us march against Philip” and the national voice rang out as the voice of one man, the mingled praises of eloquence and heroism.

In this country, gentlemen, popular eloquence is the most powerful of all arts. Here the people make and repeal their own laws at their own pleasure. Here men are moved by appeals to their passions, as

well as by arguments addressed to their reason and understanding. Every great public question, whether of war or of peace, whether of internal or of external policy, is fully discussed in their presence, and their verdict, when it proceeds from minds fully enlightened upon all the points, is seldom variant from the dictates of justice and of truth. How important, then, is it that the orator should have truth and justice on his side! And how culpable is he who uses this great art for the advancement of strictly selfish or sinister designs! At this very point, is the greatest opening for the admission of the temptations of unregulated ambition. Guard it well, I beseech you, and let no thought, no desire, no aspiration, come between you and the interest and glory of our beloved country. You will soon be called upon by that country to discharge the high duties of patriot citizens. Some of you are orators; all of you possess reason, sentiment, and imagination. The age, you live in is fraught with extraordinary principles and events, the country to which you owe your highest loyalty and best service, has no rival beneath the sun. Be it your high task to take part in the movements of the age, and to contribute to the augmentation of the national power and renown. Should fortune and a well regulated judgment call you into the political arena, you will be greeted at your first step by a confiding people, and few sounds but those occasioned by the croakings of the demagogue will permanently excite your indignation and resentment. Him, I know, you will cordially despise. You will behold him at every turn of your political career, stunning the popular ear, with his coarse harangues, raising false issues to suit his own selfish purposes, and resorting to the use of slander and defamation in order that *he* may foist himself into the public confidence upon the ruins of patriotic and amiable men. Whenever you meet him, expose him; and if you fail in that, shun him as you would the pestilence. The strong-winged eagle springs upward at once to his home amid the clouds, or if he fails, he keeps his eye still fixed upon the sun; but the toad jumps and hobbles to his den, and the lizard winds up the steeple by degrees, ever on the one dark side, and with no eye for the bright sunshine that plays upon the other. Here, gentlemen, you must also learn to separate the unsubstantial from the real.

De Tocqueville has said "The spell of royalty has been broken but it has not been succeeded by the majesty of the laws: The people have

learned to despise all authority." The spell of royalty has indeed been broken. In all lands over which the light of the Press has obtained a permanent ascendancy, right and reason have made themselves felt in their efforts, and in their rich and imperishable fruits. France, Italy, Greece, Ireland and England have, during the last half century, exhibited brilliant indications of a spirit of freedom and self-government which no power of royalty will be able at any period to stifle or extinguish. On the American continent, Republic after Republic has sprung into existence upon the ruins of a savage race and amid the interminable shades of ancient forests; and over all of them now floats an ensign which is at once the type of their Federal union and a proud memorial of the toils and sacrifices through which they advanced to their high position in the family of nations. And here too—whatever may be said of other countries—all bow to the requirements and to the majesty of the laws. What though at times we are plagued with faction and riot, and threats of disturbance and disorder—these things serve only to test the firmness of the government, to demonstrate its power to protect property, life and reputation, and to inspire those who made and who contribute to uphold it with an abiding confidence in its complete adaptation to the wishes and desires of mankind. Nor have "the people learned to despise all authority." On the contrary, knowing no authority but that which is constitutional, and which acts upon themselves through regularly constituted organs; but still holding to the fundamental principle, which leads off in the career of revolution whenever existing forms become too intolerable to be borne, they exhibit to the eyes of mankind the most sublime spectacle of mingled power and obedience.

When once fairly out gentlemen upon the great theatre of the world, you will find no opportunity, if indeed you intend to press forward, and to acquit yourselves like men, for the indulgence of indolence or for relaxation or retreat. If you pause, others perhaps less gifted, but more industrious, and persevering, will step in before you, and snatch the laurels you had fondly hoped to see placed upon your own brow. If you hesitate—if indecision and a lack of firmness should characterize you when you *know YOU ARE RIGHT*—every moment of such hesitation may be pregnant with dangerous and lamentable consequences. If you exhibit extreme diffidence where modest

assurance and a sense of absolute personal independence would appear best, you will forfeit many a golden opportunity for acquiring honorable distinction, and prove yourselves unjust as well to yourselves as to your friends. For after all decision of character, and a knowledge of one's own powers, is the great lever which raises men to consideration and to fortune.

But there are other struggles which go on perpetually besides those which are seen between intellect and intellect, and man and man. There is a silent and an unseen struggle in the heart; a struggle which commenced in Eden, and the consequences of which have fallen in mingled streams of happiness and woe upon all the progeny of Adam. *It is the struggle between the angel of good and the demon of evil.* Side by side—like “the shadowy steeds of Night and Morning”—with wing touching wing and effort after effort alternately baffling or being baffled—they follow us, and strive in us for the mastery. To which ought we to yield obedience? Certainly that one which ensures us most happiness here, and gives to us the best pledge of enduring happiness hereafter. And what good thing can evil do for us? What vice ever brought joy to the heart, or made it better; or gave it a substantial promise as to the things to come? On the other hand, virtue is but the impersonation of God himself. Like him, it is indestructible; like him, it is long suffering, and kind, and full of charity; and like him, it will triumph over all impediments and over all adversaries. It is his voice speaking to the hearts of men, and rebuking the demon of evil. Throw it forth amid the passions and disorders of society—speed it to the conflict when the waves of the great sea of vice and infidelity are raging at their height, and like the voice which spoke to the waters and produced a calm, it will shed quietude and repose over all, and bring forth beautiful and deathless trophies from the ruins of passion and of crime. In other words it will bring good out of evil; not itself alone, but deeds and consequences which shall make the world glad, and strengthen and embolden others to the conflict.

Homer says they may think themselves most happy to whom fortune gives an equal share of good and evil.

“Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood  
The source of evil one, and one of good.  
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills.

Blessings to these, to those distributes ills :  
 To most he mingles both : the wretch decreed  
 To taste the bad unmixed, is cursed indeed :  
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere  
 But find the cordial draught is dashed with care."

Our existence is progressive—and how can one progress in good when there is no evil to overcome? This, then, is the conflict which good and evil wage, and out of all—out of the sorrows, the successes, the joys and the calamities of life, comes virtue first, and then happiness.

In the great conflict between the powers of good and evil, you will find all the bad passions arrayed on the one side, and the simple but efficacious truth of the Bible on the other. On the one hand you will behold selfishness, and avarice, and excessive pride, and intemperance; and on the other, lit up by the approving smiles of God himself, you will see liberality, charity of all kinds, a proper self esteem, and all the graces of that temperance which adds beauty to the mind, and strength and activity to the body. You will behold more than this. From the summit to the pedestal of the Universe, teeming with souls tabernacled in flesh, with still higher intelligences, and sparkling with stars and suns, you will behold the unerring sins of an active, progressive existence. Amid some of these intelligences, and over the surface of these lofty and burning worlds, the genius of evil, ever the precursor of disorder, hath never gone; and yet they may hold their high estates by the same tenure our great forefather once held ours. Action—progression are the words; ever onward in the one path that goes up to light and glory, or ever downward in the one broad road (unless some happy angel should check you) that leads to darkness and dishonor.

Your action and progress in after life, I am happy to believe, gentlemen, will be worthy of your preceptors, worthy of this renowned and excellent University, and a source of honor to yourselves and to the age you live in and contribute somewhat to elevate and serve. The heart of Themistocles glowed so with emulation and a love of glory, that the *trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep*; are any of you less gifted with opportunities than was the Grecian hero? And are there no trophies around and about you? Have action and progress done nothing, that you may resign yourselves to inglorious ease, and dream that reputation and fortune will seek you and crown you



with their choicest gifts? Your ancestors, the present generation, the age itself, full of all that is wonderful and beautiful, and exciting, and a glorious future, all call you to these fields. Is our country is not to be liberated, its freedom is to be elevated and preserved; if your literature is not to be formed (though I think it is) it is at least to be fostered, and cherished, and upheld; if our national manners are not to be created, they require at least to be chastened and refined; and if our public morals have heretofore been equal to those of the first European nations, they, also, demand a better, a purer and a more healthful tone. On all sides, you have incitements to effort and exertion. Will you neglect them or will you give them encouragement? Will you, for the unsubstantial enjoyments of an hour; for the pleasures of the bowl or the excitements of the gaming table, or for any mere animal indulgence, waste the precious jewels which have here been polished and confided to your keeping? If you do, the agony of misapplied talents and of misspent hours will sooner or later overtake you, and you will fall into old age or sudden death amid the neglect and pity of the more fortunate and prudent. But if, on the other hand, you should exert and task all your faculties—should continue and improve in the knowledge and in the means of knowledge you have here acquired—should submit yourselves to the maxims of prudence, and discretion, and a virtuous ambition—should discard whatever is little or unworthy, and cleave only to what is grand, and noble and enduring, your names will be blessed and honored by your contemporaries, and written in death where all men may go and read them.

Above all, gentlemen, let me, unworthy as I am to do it, commend to you all the precepts of our Holy Religion. Let no false pride, no miserable calculations of worldly prudence, no sneers of the profligate, no taunts of the foolish and ungodly, keep you from an open acknowledgement, whensoever it may be or wheresoever it may be, of the saving and elevating tendency of the Gospel of the Redeemer. I will not tell you that Newton, and Locke, and Washington were Christians—for their souls were not taller or greater in God's eye than the souls of others—I will not tell you of them, but to show you at a glance how they saw and felt all things to be more beautiful and less sinful when looked upon by the smiling countenance of Heaven. The Bible is your great chart for the ocean of existence. It is a star over which no

darkness ever <sup>close</sup>—a light that shines on, though storms and desolation oversweep <sup>the</sup> things else—a spark struck from the Divine Throne to give day and glory to the world. Keep it ever before you. When you wander <sup>it</sup> will point you to the right path; when you become wounded and weary, you may feel the healing power of its wings; when you doubt and hesitate, it will give you certainty and decision. Strike it from existence, and the earth itself would almost totter with its load of crime and agony. Take from us all it has done—all it has originated, sustained, or completed—take from us its hallowed and humanizing tone; its power to bring good out of evil; to make men better and holier, and to restrain bad passions, and desires, and propensities, and you convert the moral and indeed physical world into abodes of licentiousness, and anarchy and carnage. Guard well, then, I conjure you, this sacred treasure. Guard it in your hearts. There, at least, it will be safe. But defend it also, from the assaults of men. God, it is true, needs no defence, but he works by instruments; and good must war against evil. And trust not, I tell you, trust not that man who scoffs at the Bible, or openly and repeatedly disregards its fundamental truths. Trust him not, though he swear by it!

Thus armed and fortified, gentlemen, by the instruments of learning and the truths of God, you may go forth from this place with brilliant prospects of success. May no fond hope be disappointed! May no heart among you be less happy years hence than it is on this occasion! may the sweet and bright places of the world be yours to tread on; may your friends find your success equal to all they hoped, or desired, or expected; may you confer additional honor upon this University; and in the hour of danger be as a munition of rocks to your country! Then, indeed, may it be said of you

“Nor life, nor death, they deemed the happier state,  
But life that’s glorious, and death that’s great.”



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